

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1886.

NO. 139.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

It understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Pays His Respects to Soule Smith and Charley Moore.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, May 19, 1886.

DEAR INTERIOR:—This Monday morning and Marie and I are sitting at the long dining-table, which "Mrs. Uncle Joe" has needful to accommodate her large family and frequent guests, with our backs to a New Zealand coal fire; for this wonderful diamond ear drop of the Orient is rich in coal fields as in everything else self-supporting—the writing to one of her "specials" and I to my large "constituency," who have listened so indulgently these years of itinerancy.

We are all more charmed with New Zealand than ever; more impressed than ever with its likeness to England; more and more believers in its magnificent future, and quite ready to choose this twin of the British Isles as a settling place, if we ever conclude to "light" in the East; which—not yet being weary of our onward flight for the Master—we have no more idea of doing now, or at any future time, than of plucking our wings for a trip to the moon. Some hear the order, "stay and preach," and it is well for them to do it. I can only listen to the command—"Go, preach My gospel!"—with an ever increasing emphasis on the "go." Happy these servants, who, in fullest consecration, hear and obey the sweet word of authority of Him who has many servants with differing gifts under Him, and "says to one 'go' and he goeth; to another 'come,' and he cometh; to another 'do this,' and he doeth it." And happier still those servants who have heart and are so filled with the sound of the Master's voice, that they hear and heed no other voices. These last are not wanting, if one will only stop to listen for them. But they always fill the life with disquietude and needless self-condemnation, if listened to. Even the Holy Ghost, by St. James, saith to us, "My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation." That is, the more masters you have the more miserable you will be. Who is there that has not found it so in trying to follow Jesus? If you read Paul's life carefully you will find that he got into nearly all his troubles and committed nearly all his blunders by hearkening to the "disciples" and the "brethren," instead of taking every leading from the LORD. Like all the rest of us he wanted to be obliging and not seem obstinate; and so, consenting to kindly pressure, allowed himself to be "let down in a basket" over the walls of Damascus, like a bundle of soiled clothes for the laundry; or urged by good James, consigned in an evil moment to pretend as if he was as good a Jew as any of the bigoted set who clung to law with one hand while holding on to grace with the other. If such an one as Paul yielded at times to this imperious principle of social and religious life, surely we—spiritual dwarfs by his side—need to be on our guard against it day and night. The fact is that if "every one must give an account of himself to God" and not "of" or "to" his neighbors or brethren; what folly it is to hear any one but God. And if "to his own master every servant standeth or falleth" what a blunder—not to say crime—is it, to take orders from any but the Master. I am preaching this little sermon to myself, just now as well as my readers. And I have need of it; for some of my dearest friends as well as dear disciples of the LORD are telling me frankly and lovingly what I ought to do and what I ought not to do to make my ministry a blessing. If I listened to them all I should be the most remarkable combination evangelist on earth; Sam Jones and Moody rolled into one would not compete with the new arrangement. If to some I should have to drop out a portion of the LORD'S own teaching and go to meet Him soon, with a nice, bright, cleanly-kept "talent" wrapped in a spotless napkin and as useless as a newly-minted dollar that has never bought anything, never fed a hungry nor clothed a naked sufferer; and never done anything for which alone it was coined. One dear one thinks I have made an awful blunder in teaching Jesus as a healer of bodies as well as a Savior of souls, and deplores it as a turning aside from my special forte of preaching the "simple gospel of a sinner's salvation." Such an one says "Richmond was your Moscow." Well, dear heart, just let me remind you that by far the most successful part of my ministry in Kentucky was after the adoption of the "faith-healing hobby." Do you forget that Louisville, Bowling Green, Paris, Georgetown, Versailles, Lawrenceburg and Frankfort were all subsequent to "Moscow," not to mention the mountain victories for Jesus in London, Manchester, Havard, "Camp Praise the LORD," Picketon, Mt. Pleasant, Pine-

ville, Barbourville, Williamsburg, Somerset, Monticello, Jamestown and Liberty. How can you talk the way you do, my precious friend, with such glaring facts before you? But I know your loving heart and freely forgive for the sake of the kind intentions and cautious anxieties you have for me and your jealousy lest I should mar my "usefulness." But you didn't label fact in the face, did you, when you rather startled me by inserting that dynamite bomb labelled "Moscow" in my placid life? Of course, being human, these words have their momentary sting. One of my dearest friends in London put on a black dress—actually went into mourning for me, because I didn't take in Bro. Carty's doctrine of "sinless perfection" and an "immortal body before the resurrection," when, if I read scripture aright, we are first entitled to look for that blessed change. She expected by next mail to hear that I had dropped down dead for obstinately rejecting this heaven-sent messenger. Of course when I heard it I couldn't help a little thrill of horror passing down my spinal column, for it is an unusual thing to have one go into anticipatory mourning in such a positively certain way. And I confess to a dreadful sort of feeling for a little while, till I told the dear LORD all about it. Since which I have been quite rested and untroubled, and am not expecting to die for declining to follow Bro. Carty. I only mention it as illustrating the fact that I have several little "feelings" left and am quite vulnerable to these shafts that my "best friends" launch at me now and then, apparently on the supposition that I am in such an ethereal region that I am impervious to all attack. On the contrary, I am so sensitive that I can even feel in measure the prick of an unfriendly "Falcon's" talons, as he swoops mercilessly down and predicts my speedy demise as the only alternative to going into the Roman Catholic apostasy. And I can even be hurt by his delicate allusions to Marie's organ and Will's gold watch, which, let me remark in passing, for gentlemanly courtesy and refinement, defy competition. Some may have the capacity or gift to soar in supreme indifference above such assaults. I am not one of them. Nor do I think that Jesus' love gives a fellow a thick skin. On the contrary, it increases sensitiveness. Only it also multiplies compensations more rapidly than even the most prolific advertiser can come; and so "out of the ether comes forth meat; out of the strong sweetness"—according to my favorite scripture. But it hurts me awfully, all the same, when people do and say unfeeling things to and about me.

I even confess that the choice "Billingsgate" from the pen of my old enemy, C. C. Moore, quoted in a recent INTERIOR, hurts me, because I can, by grace, love him among the rest of my enemies. And love always entails the capacity of suffering when the loved one is unkind. But I do wish that "Bro. Moore, for I still call him that, far as he may have wandered from his Father's house, would see that the religion of the New Testament he dispenses would have taught him a better style than the one he has adopted. "Be pitiful, be courteous," saith the Apostle.

What but a sad lack of the Christianity he needs could tempt a gentleman to write as he does. He comes of good stock, I know. The Moores are first-class and from an A 1 county of the blue grass—Clark. What could induce a well-bred gentleman of that far-famed region to pen such coarse sentences against one, whose only fault is that he tried honestly and his best to convert C. C. M. at the Lexington meetings years ago. And how could he speak of a helpless and harmless woman in public print in a way so offensive that had another said it of his sister or daughter, he would have kicked the offender forthwith? I mention it, not in a retaliatory spirit or war, but with the hope that quiet reflection will convince him that despised Christianity at least is not responsible for either his or Falcon's ferocious assaults upon the innocent and unoffending.

So I am fully expecting these blue-grass gentlemen—for after all they are gentlemen, and I know them both—to be ready with appropriate apologies, when we revisit Kentucky, which I need not say will be most graciously accepted; and in return, as a token of full restoration to favor, I will undertake to convince Falcon that there are some things connected with "Jeremiah in Ireland" that should interest him; and Marie will play for "Brother Charles" some new hymns on the "little organ" that can not fail to please so dear a lover of music as he is. I bear no malice, gentlemen. "Let us have peace." I wave the "olive branch" and not the "bloody shirt." Only—and I hope the announcement will not unduly alarm—I am quite expecting to finish that Lexington meeting, which was begun, but not ended, 6 years ago; and we are trusting the dear LORD for a blessed time. Perhaps the carpet in the big Baptist church is old enough by this time to allow of the unhalloved tramp of a miscellaneous crowd, and the brethren will risk its demolition for the sake of souls. The Baptists have been exceptionally kind to our troupe all the world around—great Spurgeon excepted—and we rather look for a renewal of favors from that quarter. So "Brother Moore," make up your mind to a visitation from that source that so far exceeds the— in virulence and the—in "catching" properties; when you will doubtless report us fairly in the *Blue Grass Blade*, while

Falcon can write us up—to the skies of course—in his paper. What a charming programme. I don't often make one. Perhaps I had better not count too confidently on this one being carried out to the letter. But wonderful things have happened. Why may they not again? Let us hope for the best.

Our beloved "Noble William" came in on the *Marston*—the steamer on which we expect to return to "the States," D. V., on the 25th inst.—yesterday morning at daylight. Willie Noble and our Will brought him out both yesterday and to day to Roselle. He has gained so much in flesh that we were delighted with the change. When we last saw him he had the ghastly, worn-out look of a man breaking down very fast. Now, he is the picture of robust and exuberant health. Praise the LORD! The world can ill spare such men from the noble army of burden lifters, who are giving themselves generously for the good of helpless and crushed humanity. He addressed a large audience in the theatre last night, and begins his temperance mission in Spurgeon's Tabernacle to night. Success to the dear man of God! He deserves it and I doubt not will win it.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

She Deserved a Pass.

A few days ago a neatly-dressed, fresh-looking woman, about 30 years of age, applied to Harry Foster, the Erie ticket agent at Homestead, for information as to the lowest rate of fare for herself and family to Warren, Pa.

"How many persons?" asked the agent. "Myself and my 11 children," she said. As soon as agent Foster could catch his breath he exclaimed:

"Eleven children! Great Scott, madam! Not all yours?"

"Certainly sir," replied the woman, evidently surprised at the agent's question and manner. "Whose would they be if not mine?"

"In the name of goodness, then, how old are they?" asked the agent, mopping the perspiration from off his forehead.

"Well, sir," said the woman, after a short mental calculation, "three of them are 9, three of them are 7, two of them are 5 and three of them are 3 years old."

Agent Foster dropped into a chair as the woman had hit him with a club.

"Madam," said he, "you deserve to have a pass for 12. Come in again in a few days and I'll see what can be done."

The agent in the meantime ascertained some how that the woman's name was Cullen. She lived at Gale's Tannery, six miles from Homestead. Her husband is a laboring man and about three years ago went to Warren to work and had a short time agent for his wife and children.

The couple had been married 10 years. Mrs. Cullen's statement as to the number and age of her children was substantiated by neighbors. She had presented her husband with 11 children at four births.

Agent Foster wrote to General Passenger Agent John N. Abbott and gave him a statement of the case. Mr. Abbott sent back instructions at once to tell Mrs. Cullen a half fare ticket to Warren, good for herself and 11 little ones.—[Port Jervis Gazette.]

What Mrs. Cleveland is Doing For The Democratic Party.

A Washington correspondent writes: Mrs. Cleveland is working wonders for her husband in his party. A republican Senator's wife expressed the situation by saying:

"She is so sweet and charming that all the spoils Senators can not resist her. One of them rode down town with me in a street car to day; I said: 'How do you like her?'"

"I am in love with her," he replied.

"Not for her beauty," said I, "for while she has a very stately figure, a soft, plump neck and lovely gray eyes, a fair complexion and a sweetly flexible mouth, after all she is not a great beauty."

"Ah, Mrs.," said my spokesman, "you women can take each other apart and say coldly analytical things. But we men simply go faster and fall blindly in love. I almost worship Mrs. Cleveland as the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"Now when such a Senator," said the Senator's wife, "talks like that it means business. I tell you it looks pretty blue for us republicans in 1888. You see Cleveland don't do anything that we can find fault with and half his party leaders are already in love with his wife."

The Iowa democratic State convention, while in session at Des Moines, adopted a platform which endorses President Cleveland and his administration; favors honest pension bills, but opposes special laws; calls on Congress to revise the tariff laws so as to meet the needs of revenue only; declares in favor of the payment of the public debt; in favor of the legislative adjustment of the labor question; denounces the new Congressional district law; demands the investigation and conviction of all malfeasance in public office; favors the repeal of the prohibitory law and the enactment of a local option law, extending to counties and cities, the license adapted to be not less than \$500.

The oldest and smallest republic in the world, San Marino, is inclosed on all sides by Italian provinces. It is in a flourishing condition, although it has but one principal town and four or five villages, with an aggregate population of between 8,000 and 9,000. It is 2,200 feet above the level of the sea.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The State Teachers' Association will occupy the week—closing Friday.

—L. B. Adams and family arrived Saturday. The Squire is not well and he's not been out.

—The little girl who was shot some two weeks ago still survives. News has been received to the effect that Bailey Drye is likely to recover. Jesse Dunn, who has been seriously ill at Barnwell, S. C., has improved and is considered out of danger.

—The Fair Association is busy making preparation for its coming exhibition. Considerable disappointment is felt in regard to the failure to secure the Stanford Band. Wolf & Frost have been engaged to supply the music. The correspondence seems to warrant the expectation of a large gathering.

—The farmers generally have secured their crops of wheat, rye and clover. Corn bawls the crowding of weeds, but looks promising. The potato crop is magnificent, bugs to the contrary notwithstanding. The deadly cucumber and the fragrant onion rejoice in a favorable season; so with "gardening ease" in general.

—Three young gentlemen spent an evening last week with some young ladies a mile or two below town, and on leaving found that their horse and vehicle had anticipated them by a few moments. They gave chase on foot—the horse evidently making it a point to keep out of the way—and he did, passing through town at a dignified trot, with the panting pedestrians in close pursuit. He is said to have been captured by strategy a mile south of town. For particulars see Shack Huffman, Jim Cook or Will Hocker.

—J. W. McCombs and wife were here on Sunday on a partying visit to Col. J. W. Weatherford, who leaves for the West this week. Frank L. Shipman and wife, of Junction City, spent Sunday with the family of G. D. Weatherford. Mrs. and Miss Orr have returned to their home in Pendleton county. The delegates to the convocation of the Knights of Honor have all returned, especially Peacock. J. B. Green, in getting out of a vehicle a few days since, got a severe fall, damaging his person seriously and his apparel irreparably, but was at his post Sunday, limping but zealous.

Miss Sallie McRoberts, of Danville, is with the Misses Bright; Miss Lettie Rochester at J. O. McAllister's; Mrs. Higgins, of Kirksville, with Mrs. Woods; Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Harrodsburg, at Mrs. Bradley's; Harry Hocker (Bub), of Danville, at home for the "glorious 4th."

Mr. JOSEPH BARRETT, democratic nominee for Superior Court Judge—Your republican opponent, John Yerkes, is way up head on personal pulchritude, with a tongue hang in the middle and capable of making music at both ends, six feet two inches in his stocking feet and a fighter from the headwaters of Bitter creek or thereabouts. The *Times* is for you and proves its friendship by this timely warning: "Oh, shirt-tail, he's again on ye!"—[Louisville Times.]

Dude: "You love me, then, Miss Jane?" Jane: "Love is somewhat too much to say. At least I have sympathy for you because your face resembles so much that of my poor dead Fido."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Calluses, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: "We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled goods that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pneumonia, Consumption have been entirely cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Penny & McAllister." (1)

An Entertaining, Reliable House.

Penny & McAllister can always be relied upon not only to carry in stock the best of everything but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free. (1)

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Catholicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, and many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchal, Ultee, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon Ind., says: "Both myself and wife are now free to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. For sale at M. L. Bourne's."

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shilo's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

NOTICE.

I have one 2-year-old registered bull and one 2-year-old and several good yearlings, entitled to a register, for sale cheap. A. H. PELAND, Stanford, Ky.

DR. W. B. PENNY, Dentist, STANFORD, KY.

Office on Lancaster street, next door to INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary. (104-177.)

G. B. HARRIS, Ag't

Wm. Deering & Co.'s Mowers, Binders and Reapers, Crab Orchard, - - Kentucky.

114-4m

Kirksville Fair!

We will hold our annual Fair on the 23d and 24th of July,

—AT THE—

Burnam Woods Grove,

Where it was held last year. For

A LIST OF PREMIUMS, &c.,

Write for circulars.

J. P. ENBRY, President.

J. B. WALKER, Secretary. 127-1d

BOURNE!

The editor is heart-broken to announce to his readers that Nom D. Plume, who wrote Dr. Bourne's funny advertisements, is dead. The large monies paid him for writing this column brought on softening of the brain and he died of too much anarchy.

Dr. Bourne is determined, however, to give his customers the benefit of this large salary in prices. Besides selling

Medicines, Fancy Articles, Toilet Goods, Music Merchandise, Spectacles, Instruments, Jewelry, Dolls, Lamps, Fishing Tackle, Razors, Sponges, Knives, Paper, Blank Books, States, Ammunition, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Mixed Paints, Brushes, Varnishes—

Everything kept in a first-class Drug Store, all of which is new, fresh and superior, he has on hand a dozen *Hackers*, and will furnish any good looking lady who deals with him with choice of the lot. Watch this column for list of medicines, or call at

Bourne's New Drug and Book Store.

A Big Offer!

To any person remitting us

THREE DOLLARS

We will send the

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

And the New York World one year and a

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Express paid, bound in leatherette tree calf, gilt, of 820 pages and containing 22 fine engravings. It is the most comprehensive work of the kind published, besides being history in the ordinary sense; it is a condensed newspaper file for 400 years.

We reserve the right to withdraw this offer without notice, to remit at once.

W. P. WALTON, Stanford, Ky.

AYER'S Agué Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.

"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."

EDWIN HARPER.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

O. & M. OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

The direct through line and old established route from

Louisville & Cincinnati to St. Louis

and all points in the West.

Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis.

Three (3) Daily Trains from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can

get a Through Sleeping Car

From Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The O. & M. is the only line running

through Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis, all other routes being made up of a combination of small roads.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs Palatial

Sleeping Cars on night trains; Luxurious Parlor Cars on day trains; Elegant Day Coaches on all trains.

Direct and close connections are made in UNION

DEPOTS with diverging lines by the O. & M. Railway, thus avoiding troublesome trans-

fers by other routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line

under one management, running all its

trains through solid and in consequence

is recognized First-Class Route between those Cities.

Apply to ticket Agents of connecting lines for full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circulars or any desired information, or write to

ROBT. H. FORMAN,

Trav. Pass. Ag't O. & M. R. Y., Somerset, Ky.

W. B. PEABODY, W. B. SHATTUCK,

Pres. and Gen'l Mgrs., Gen. Pass. Ag'ts, Cincinnati, O.

JAMES B. MCCREARY

Is a Candidate for re-election to Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

H. K. TAYLOR,

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate or the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

THOMAS Z. MORROW,

OF Pulaski county, is the Republican candidate for Judge in the 8th Judicial District.

WILLIAM HERNDON,

OF Lancaster, is the Republican candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in the 8th Judicial District. Election August 2d.

NEWCOMB HOTEL

—MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

83-6m

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

One Cent Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

122-1f

R. E. BARROW.

Sale of Land, Stock & Crop.

I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder on *Thursday, July 15th, 1886*, my Farm of 55 Acres, situated near the Danville pike, in Lincoln county, 5 miles from Stanford and on the county road leading from the Danville to the Lancaster pike. The land is in a good state of cultivation, fencing excellent, spacious barn and sheds. My house burned down recently but another pattern is on the ground ready for building. The outbuildings are good. The place is well watered and there is a splendid orchard. Will also offer for sale all kinds of farming implements and machinery, horses and cattle, hogs, household and kitchen furniture. Terms made known on day of sale. (125-4f)

J. T. LAND, Stanford.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY

Kentucky's Route East

For Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

The only line running

PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

—AND—

A SOLID TRAIN

—FROM—

Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington, Ky.

to Washington City.

Connecting in the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York.

—The Direct Route to—

Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk and all Virginia

and North Carolina Ports.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office or address W. W. Moore, General Agent, Lexington, Ky.

W. C. WICKHAM, H. W. FULLER,

2d Vice President, Gen'l Pass' Ag'ts, Richmond, Virginia.

PIANOS!

Concert Grand,

Parlor Grand,